

A
S E R M O N

Preach'd in the Parish-Church of
C A M B E R W E L L,
O N

The 7th Day of *September*, 1704. being appointed
by Her Majesty as a Day of

Publick Thanksgiving and Rejoycing

F O R

The Glorious Victory obtain'd over the *French*
and *Bavarians* at *Bleinheim*, near *Hochstet*, on the
2d of *August* last past, by the Forces of Her Majesty
and Her Allies, under the Command of the Duke
of *Marlborough*.

Publish'd at the Request of the Auditors.

By ALEXANDER JEPHSON, A. M.
and Master of the *Free-Schooll* in *Camberwell*, in *Surry*.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *H. Meere*, for *J. Chantry* without *Temple-Bar*; and
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SERMON

ON THE
NATURE AND EXTENT OF THE
GOD'S MERCY

PREACHED AT THE
FESTIVAL OF THE HOLY SPIRIT
IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN

ON SUNDAY THE 10TH OF
JULY 1784

BY
THE REV. JOHN H. ...
OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN



PRINTED BY ...
AND SOLD BY ...

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S E R M O N.

JUDGES V. 12.

Awake, awake, Deborah; awake, awake, utter a Song: Arise, Barak, and lead thy Captivity Captive, thou Son of Abinoam.

THIS Text is part of that Song of Thanksgiving which *Deborah* composed, being in a Transport and Rapture of Joy upon the Discomfiture of *Sisera*, and the Deliverance of God's People.

This *Sisera* was a Mighty Man of Valour; General of a great Army: He had Nine Hundred Chariots of Iron, and a vast Number of People collected

lected and raised from *Harosheth* of the *Gentiles*, unto the River of *Kishon*; a People who were mortal Enemies to the Children of *Israel*, and who by the Command of their Master *Jabin*, King of *Hazor*, did continually oppress and insult over them.

But at length God raised up *Deborah*, a Prophetess, and a Nursing Mother in *Israel*, to put a Stop to his cruel Persecutions, and to cast off the Yoke which he had imposed on them. She was a Prophetess, that she might foretell the Victories that God should be pleas'd to give her People, and by consequence to encourage and animate them by the certain Hopes and Expectations of Laurels and Triumphs. She was also a Nursing Mother, an Indulgent Princess to save and defend them from their Enemies, and to instruct, rule, and protect them as a Mother does her Children.

And now, when God had given Her, and *Barack*, the Chief Captain of the Host, such a Signal and Glorious Victory over the Enemies of God's People, it behoved them to express their Thankfulness to God in a Song of Praise, and with all Joy and Alacrity, to acknowledge him to be the Author of all the Mercies and Favours bestowed on them: And accordingly we find them diligent and forward enough in this grateful Performance; as you find it in the beginning of this Chapter; Then sang Deborah

borah and Barak, the Son of Abinoam, on that Day, saying, Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel, when the People willingly offered themselves. Hear, O ye Kings, give Ear, O ye Princes; I, even I will sing unto the Lord; I will sing Praise to the God of Israel: As if she had said, O ye other Kings and Princes that are Neighbours to my People Israel, hearken and give ear, and take Example by the fatal Fall of this Mighty Captain, Sisera, whom we have now discomfited and slain; pray remember his sad and shameful Overthrow, who fell so disgracefully by the Hands of a weak Woman. If therefore any of you shall hereafter have evil Minds and Designs against us, Know this for your Caution and Instruction, nay, for your Terror too, That if you presume to molest us, or bring an unjust War upon us, the same God, who defeated Sisera, is still on our side, which God is both able and resolved to defend us. Therefore we will sing our Song of Joy and Gratitude to God, our Deliverer.

Awake, awake, Deborah; awake, awake, utter a Song; rouse up all the Faculties of thy Soul, to praise, and adore, and admire the merciful loving Kindness of the Lord. Arise, Barak, and lead forth thy Prisoners and Captives in Triumph, that all the World may be conscious to, and satisfied how great a Victory God has bestowed on us.

And now, my beloved Brethren, having paraphrased and enlarged on part of this Song, I doubt not but you'll readily make Application thereof to the Circumstances of this Day, which is appointed by her Majesty as a Day of Thanksgiving and Rejoycing for the late Glorious Victories God has bestowed on us and our Allies, over the *French* and *Bavarian* Armies. And if ever People had Reason to Rejoyce, certainly we of this Nation have: We have not only obtained a mighty great Victory over an Enemy, but an old, inveterate, implacable Enemy, an Enemy to our Religion, a monstrous and merciless Persecutor of it even among his own Subjects; therein demonstrating himself to be a perjured and perfidious Tyrant, having Sworn to protect that poor deluded People, who had the Misfortune to be the chief Instruments in setting him upon the Throne, fighting against the Prince of *Conde*, their rightful and lawful Prince, for an ungrateful Viper, who eats thro' the Bowels of those that gave him Life and Strength. And we have obtained a Glorious Victory, not only over the *French*, but also over the *Bavarians*, whom the *French* King excited and encouraged to Rebel against the Emperor, who was the Generous Patron and Bestower of that Dignity on their Duke, who ungrateful to his Worthy Benefactor, brought in the *French* into the very Bowels of the Empire, seeking
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and endeavouring to Dethrone his Sovereign Lord and Master, and by consequence to put all *Europe* in Slavery and Chains. And if those of his own Religion could not brook the *French* Yoke and Tyranny, nor be in Love with Poverty and Wooden Sandals, to support and uphold the Ambition of an unjust encroaching Tyrant; alas! what would become of the Protestant Religion, where he had the Mastery and Dominion? She must have wandered about like a Vagabond, without a Father or Friend to protect her; and all her Votaries would bleed under a more direful and barbarous Persecution than ever they suffered under *Dioclesian*, or any other of the Heathen Emperors.

'Tis not long ago, nay, 'tis fresh in all our Memories, how this Nation and poor *Ireland* seemed to be marked out by Heaven for Ruin and Destruction: For our King being wholly influenced, and at the Devotion of the *French* Tyrant, was advised and instigated by him, to the Perpetration of such Enormities in the Kingdom, that it proved his utter Downfal and Overthrow. And indeed, 'twas high time for us to look about us: Our Religion and Liberties were begun to be trampled under Foot: Our Laws, that were our great Security and Barrier against Arbitrary Power, were by secret Practices and unwarrantable Attempts, turned against our selves, and made the Means of running us into Slavery. Our Bishops were:

were Imprison'd as Malefactors, whose only Crime, was, their standing by their Persecutor, and opposing the Bill that would have excluded him from the Throne. *Mass-Houses*, the *Houses of Idolatry*, were oppos'd to our *Churches*, and *Dagon* was set up in the Presence of the *Ark of the Lord*, and his *Worship* countenanced in the *Metropolis* of the Kingdom; and our *Colleges*, the *Fountains of Learning*, were Poisoned by the putrid *Breath of Roman Priests* and *Jesuits*. In short, the Sluces of *Popery* were ready to be opened upon us, and come in with an irresistible Inundation and Torrent.

And if I should attempt to describe the Calamities which poor *Ireland* suffered, 'twould take up more time than is allowed to this place; that Kingdom was expos'd to the utmost Extremity and Misery that could be inflicted on it, by the most cruel and barbarous Enemy. The *Protestants* were all Disarmed and Imprisoned, and given up to the Mercy of Ravenous Wolves. We Chattered as *Cranes*, and Mourned as *Doves* in the severest Agonies of perplexed Souls: Miseries and Calamities, like Waves in a Boistrous Sea, came rolling in upon the back of each other; and all Mens Faces, as the *Prophet* speaks, put on a ghastly Paleness, under the woeful Apprehension of our impending Ruin. In which Afflictions our great GOD was very Gracious and Merciful to these Kingdoms; he did as 'twere only shew Eng-
land,

land the Rod, but he suffered poor *Ireland* to feel the Smart. However, in the midst of all our Distresses, GOD raised up a mighty and unexpected Salvation for us: a Prince, as much injured as we, and more wronged than was possible to be born, when he saw a Sham-Heir foisted in upon us, to exclude the Royal Line, and the Protestant Religion: He thought then it was high time to assert his Right, and vindicate the just Succession of his Princes. And GOD prospered his Enterprize so miraculously, that nothing parallel to it can be found in History. After-Ages perhaps may suspect the Credit and Truth of our Chronicles, and our Posterity will not easily believe, that there should be a Conquest without a Battel, a Kingdom peaceably delivered up, by a *Popish King*, into the Hands of a *Protestant Prince*, without striking one Blow, or the Expence of one drop of Blood. And when we were thus deliver'd at Home, GOD still prosper'd us Abroad with Victory and Success, under the auspicious Conduct of that Great Prince, whose Memory is Dear and Precious to us, and ought never to be razed out of the Hearts and Affections of all *English-men* and *Protestants*. Let the Silver Streams of stately *Boyn*, and the adjacent Vallies, in soft Murmurings and eternal Ecchoes, sound forth the Praises his Valour and Conduct deserved, especially from the *Irish Protestants*: This Victory was as it were raising them from the Dead, and restoring them to the Enjoyment of their Religion

on and Liberty. Some ungrateful People may speak coldly and indifferently of that Great Man, but I may venture to say, such Men are no real and sincere Lovers of our Gracious Queen, who can hate her Deliverer one, who thro' Sweat and Blood, and innumerable Dangers, to which he freely and readily exposed himself, saved her Crown and Dignity for her, and defended it so many Years against the exorbitant Power of *France*.

And now our Gracious GOD, (for ever blessed be his Holy Name for it) I say, the same GOD, who aspired and blessed all his Actions; still continues to shower down his Favours and Blessings on our most Gracious Queen, and has granted her two Glorious Victories, the first wholly owing, under GOD, to the Valour and Conduct of her Majesty's General, the Duke of *Manborough*, and the undaunted Bravery and Resolution of our Gallant *English Soldiers*; the other in Conjunction with our Noble Allies. Victories! such as have not been obtained by us, or any other Nation over the *French*, since the Times of our Great *Edward the Black Prince*, and *Harry the Fifth*.

This last was such a Victory as the brave *Hannibal* obtained over the old *Romans*, when he slew Forty Thousand of them at *Canne*. And GOD grant our General may use his Victory better than the *Carthaginian* did; and that he may successfully pursue his Blow to the utter Ruin and Destruction of

of all our Enemies that rise against us. O what Joy should spring up and leap in every *Englishman's* Heart, when he reflects on the Glory our valiant Soldiers have acquired, in so remote and distant Regions, *Ireland*, and *Flanders*, and *France*, are sensible enough of the *English* Courage and Bravery; the *Boyn* and the *Rhine* can give sufficient Testimonies of their Undauntedness, in the midst of Fire and Smoke, in the midst of a Thousand Bullets on every side; but the *Danube* was never before Witness of our *English* Valour and Bravery. O what an Honour have our Soldiers gained, when the Great Prince *Eugenius* allows them to be the best Soldiers in the World: For being astonished at the Difficulties they surmounted, he burst forth into this rapturous Acknowledgement of their just Praises; speaking to the Duke of *Marlborough*: O Sir! I see the *English* Soldiers are not Immortal, but I am sure they are Invincible.

Awake, therefore, awake, *Deborah*, raise up your Voice, and utter a Song of Joy and Thanksgiving. Arise, *Barak*, and lead thy Captivity Captive. Bring forth your Prisoners, the Count *Tallard* and Thirteen Hundred Officers, and Thirteen Thousand private Soldiers, and lead them in Triumph, to the Immortal Glory of the *English* Nation: Such Victories as these, have not been heard of for many Ages, especially over a Nation, who is not behind any in the World, either in Conduct or Discipline.

And now perhaps it may be enquired, and the Reason asked, why our late Glorious King never obtained so great a Victory over the French, tho' it can't be deny'd, but he was the greatest Soldier in the World.

To this, I answer, *First*, That all Victories are absolutely in God's Disposal, and that when we rely most on the Arm of Flesh, God is aptest then to baulk and frustrate our Expectations.

Secondly, Some who are well versed in State-Affairs, tell us, that K. W. in the Scheme and State of the War, which he left behind him, advised, that an Army should be sent into Germany, to the Assistance of the Emperor; and such a Hint was enough for so sagacious and quick-sighted a General as the Duke of Marlborough, to make a good Improvement of. And indeed he has shewn himself a very apt Scholar in following the Dictates of so Great a Man; if we may not also say, that to his Immortal Glory and Honour, in transcribing this last Copy, he has even out-done and excelled his Master.

Thirdly, If we consider the great Charity and Munificence which our Gracious Queen has bestowed on her poorer Clergy, what less Reward could be expected from Heaven, than Success and Prosperity in all the Affairs of so Pious a Queen, so Indulgent a Mother of her Country. And as she gave very largely and magnificently to support and maintain

maintain the Ambassadors of Christ, her Revenue in the First-Fruits-Office amounting to about 70000 *l*. per Annum ; so God was not wanting to encourage Liberality in others, by shewing how gratefully he receiv'd the Queen's Beneficence and Charity. I suppose you all know what I would say, which in plain Words, is no more than this, that I verily believe our Good and Gracious God has bestowed these late Glorious Victories on her Majesty in Compensation, and as a Reward of her Charity ; and as her Charity was very large and liberal, so the Victories obtained, were extraordinary great, nay, the greatest that we have seen or heard of for many Generations. And who knows but as *Q. Elizabeth*, of Blessed Memory, was very fatal to the *Spanish* Monarchy, so that it never recovered the Blow it received from her ; so may our Great and Glorious Queen *Anne*, bring the haughty *French* King down, to sue humbly for Mercy at her Feet, and to beg leave of her to wear the Crown of *France*, as a tributary petty King. And perhaps God has thus prolong'd his Days on Earth, to put this Slur on him, to throw a Disgrace and Ignominy on all his former Conquests and Glories, that like as *Sisera* fell by the Hands of *Jael*, and *Olofernes* by *Judith*, so may proud *Lewis* fall a Sacrifice and Victim to Queen *Anne*, to assuage her Anger and satiate her Resentments for his bold, tho' foolish Disposal of her Kingdoms to I know not whom.

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And now, after such Glorious Victories and Successes, sure there can't possibly be any amongst us, who pretend to be Protestants of so malign and unthankful Hearts, as to refuse to offer up their most profound Thanks and Praises to our Great God, who giveth Victory unto Kings, and delivereth *David* his Servant from the Peril of the Sword. Praise God for the avenging of Israel; and Blessed be the Name of the Lord, who has sunk down the *Heathen* in the Pit, that they made for us, and caused their own Feet to be taken in the Net which they had hid privily for us. I hope I speak this in a place where every Heart and Mouth is ready to say *Amen*. To pursue therefore our Conquest, and to engage God farther in our Quarrel, against our implacable Enemies, let us breath out our Thanks to him in Songs of Praise and Thanksgiving.

And because the Sacrifices of the Wicked, are an Abomination to the Lord, let us lift up clean Hands and pure Hearts unto the Throne of Grace; let us put away Sins and Unclean-ness from us, or perhaps God will say unto us, as he did unto *Joshua*, *Neither will I be with you any more, except ye destroy the Accursed from among you.* Sin is the accursed thing that God hates: Let us destroy that, and then we need not doubt of God's Assistance: Let us engage God on our side, and he will perfect the Work which he has so gloriously began. 'Tis true, we have valiant Armies of our own, and powerful Allies abroad to assist us; the *English* and *Dutch* Ships compose the most formidable and gallant Fleet that ever the World saw. Besides, we have the Advantage of a most Pious and Wise Queen; a Valiant and Prudent General; yet for all this, how powerful soever and numerous our Confederate Army is; how terrible soever our Fleets and Men of War are, yet there is one Allie more, one Friend more, one Man of War more, which we must procure on our side, otherwise all these will signify nothing. The Lord, he is the Man of War; let's secure him, and the World can't oppose us. He is the Man of War that appeared unto *Joshua*; *A Man with a Sword drawn in his Hand*: And oh that the Lord would give us the Assurance of Success as he gave unto *Joshua*, as you'll find it *Jos. 5. 13, 14.* And *Joshua* said unto him, Art thou

thou for us, or for our Adversaries? And he said, Nay, but
 as Captain of the Host of the Lord am I now come. And in-
 deed what are all the Armies in the World to this Great Cap-
 tain? what if the numerous Armies of Xerxes, who dried up
 Rivers by passing thro' them, should stand in Opposition to this
 Great Commander; he could with the Breath of his Mouth
 in one Moment annihilate and reduce them all to nothing.
 Let us then procure this Captain on our side, which we can
 do by no other Means than by leading Vertuous and Godly
 Lives. Our Queen indeed may perform all that lies in Mor-
 tal Power; our brave General and Valiant Soldiers may
 exert all the Courage and Undauntedness possible for Men
 to shew; yet if we cherish our Sins and Iniquities, and pro-
 voke God with our Abominations, God will draw back his
 Hand, and put a Stop to our Triumphs; and instead of Joy
 and Mirth in our Streets, there may be a Voicē heard, as
 once in Ramah, of Lamentation and Weeping, and great
 Mourning. Let us therefore offer unto God our Sacrifice
 of Praise and Thanksgiving, from the bottom of sincere
 Hearts, and pure Affections: Let us be faithful and obedi-
 ent People unto him, and as he has vanquished and subdued
 our Fleishy Enemies, so let us beg of him to give us Grace
 to mortify all our evil and corrupt Affections, and beat down
 all our Ghostly and Spiritual Enemies which War against our
 Souls. Let us be a Holy Nation, thankful to God for his
 Mercies and Favours to us, and always zealous for his Ho-
 nour, and then God will continue his loving Kindness to us,
 and accomplish that Glorious Work which he has begun, and
 which he alone can compleat and finish.

In a word, Let us be truly thankful for this particular
 Mercy, this Glorious Victory which occasioned our meeting
 here this Day. Thanksgiving, I know, in the common Ac-
 ceptation, signifies an Oral and Verbal Acknowledgment, be-
 cause indeed when the Heart is full of Joy, the Mouth will
 overflow with grateful Expressions. But to render our Thank-
 giving substantial and real, it must be accompanied with an
 hearty Endeavour and Intention of Soul, to render unto God
 all possible Compensation; that is, to gratify him with a free

and chearful Obedience, but more especially with our Charity and Beneficence towards our poor and indigent Brethren. And indeed how can that Man be truly thankful to God, who has no Intention to return any Compensation? He only cajoles and complements God, and flatters him with feigned Lips, without being at all influenced by an ingenuous Sense of his Goodness, who refuses to repay God in Works of Mercy and Charity, according to his Ability.

And now let us suppose we could buy such another Victory as we have lately obtained; I question not but many in this place would contribute largely towards it. I doubt not but we'd all open our Hands liberally on that Condition: Let us not now (by a stingy narrow-Soul Ingratitude) refuse to shew our Joy and Thankfulness to God for what Benefits we have lately receiv'd; and then God, if he sees it conduceable to our Good, will afford us many and many such Occasions as this to be thankful.

For who knows but our brave General is now attempting some noble Atchievement, that will redound to the Immortal Glory of the *English* Nation? Who knows but our Valiant Soldiers are at this very moment, engag'd in Fire and Smoak, Blood and Wounds in the Field of Honour, Battering down our Mortal Enemies, and winning Immortal Honours and unspeakable Advantages for their dear Sovereign and her Kingdoms. O my beloved Brethren, raise up your Spirits in a grateful Acknowledgment unto GOD for his last Favours; send your hearty Prayers unto him in their behalf, to strengthen and stand by them: And that your Prayers may be sure to find Acceptance at the Throne of Grace, let them be introduced by Charity, that amiable Vertue is never denied Admittance, but always has free Access into the Presence of GOD. Give therefore to your poor Brethren, something in return for the Mercies you have already receiv'd, and then I doubt not but GOD will Crown our Arms with Victory and Success, and grant our Gracious *Queen* a long and prosperous Reign over us, which are the greatest Blessings we can wish for or desire: So shall we sing *Praises* and *Hallelujahs* to our GOD, and to the Lamb that sitteth upon the Throne, to whom with the blessed Spirit, be ascribed all Honour and Glory, Might, Majesty, and Dominion, both now and for ever more. *Amen, Amen. Finis.*

